

ALPHONSO XIII.

The Daily Life of the Child King of Spain Described.

Generous by Nature, and Possessed of a Hearty Appetite.

The little King of Spain, Alphonso XIII., according to a recent letter from St. Sebastian, grows in beauty and intelligence every day. He has been quick to put off the habits of an infant and don instead those of maturing childhood. Alphonso sets a good example to his subjects, childish and otherwise, by rising at 7 o'clock in the morning. He at once takes a bath under the superintendence of his nurse, to whom he is so devoted that it has been deemed wise to retain her in the household.

At 7.30, his toilet being made, he goes out for an airing in the Ayete Park, and it is there, with the fresh breezes of the morning as an appetizer, that he takes his breakfast—a simple cup of chocolate and a birch-le. From that time until midday he remains in the park, running about, making mud pies and indulging in other engrossing sports of early childhood, while the warm Spanish sun is tinting his pale little face with faint roses and bronze. When the midday angelus sounds, from the church towers of St. Sebastian, it is also the signal for the midday meal or meat breakfast taken in lieu of luncheon in many of the Continental countries. This repast is quite imposing for the little King, for it is enjoyed in the company of his mother and his two sisters, while all the rigors of the Spanish court etiquette are observed.

Breakfast over, all Spain takes a siesta and the little King's head nods with the rest of his sleepy subjects. His nurse takes him in her arms and sings him to sleep with the wild, sweet strains of the gypsy lullabies crooned in the mountain fastnesses of Central Spain. At 4 o'clock King Alphonso is awake again. It is time for the state promenade. Madam Tacon, the Court governess, and General Cordoba, military chief of the King's household, accompany him in this function. The little King has an intense childish admiration for the brass buttons, the sword and the splendid uniform of the General, and in order to please him he has been made a like outfit in which he takes great pleasure. He loves to hold the massive cane which the General always carries, and march soldier fashion, with mimic strides, in front of his suite.

The walk is always on some highway, and the populace come in crowds to cheer and greet the baby king. He receives their salutations with great gravity and never fails to respond. Generous by nature, he fills his little pockets with small coins, bright and fresh from the mint, stamped in his likeness. These he distributes right and left to the numerous beggary that crowd the way, calling, as he showers on them the royal bounty, "Tonia!" (take!). Sometimes the expedition is taken in a carriage, but every day this airing forms a part of the routine of the King's life. At 6 he returns to the palace, where his mother is in waiting for him.

The King has a most remarkable appetite, and the regular life with its many hours of outdoor exercise has increased this faculty. He eats all and as much as he wants. One day his governess told him that he should not eat of a certain dish because it was bad for him. "Then why did you put it before me?" was the poser propounded by the little kingly gourmand. His tastes run to all sorts of queer food, and among other things he has a strange fancy for sausage, which he eats in large quantities.

His mind is untutored—he does not know his letters and all mental education is forbidden. His mother is determined that his body alone shall be trained, at least for the present. "He is to be made a man," these are the Queen's orders. His severe illness of last year has made Queen Christine extremely cautious. His mind must not be fatigued. Fresh air, exercise, baths and the utmost freedom are the bases of his regimen, which seems to have brought life back into the feeble frame of the puny King. Alphonso, however, is extremely precocious, and his intelligence and comprehension are wonderful in a child of his years.

At 8 precisely he retires. He embraces his mother, and with a quaint little "Good night, gentlemen," to the members of his suite, he is led away to his royal crib by the Countess de Peralta, official nurse. She undresses him and listens to his infant prattle while he tells her of the many experiences of the day. Then his real nurse, who sleeps always by his bedside,

takes him in her arms. The palace is silent, and her thin, quivering voice can be heard singing in queer minor cadence a Spanish lullaby.

Thus the King of Spain falls into slumber, and as his sleep-song ceases, His Majesty's sentinels pace with heavy steps outside the walls of the palace, and during the long watches of the night repeat the hours with a deep-toned "Alerta"—"guards, be careful!"—as they meet each other in their rounds. —[Paris Figaro.]

Birds That Kill Rattlesnakes.

In eastern Arizona, along the hot, burning trails one often sees a long-billed, long-legged specimen of bird racing on in front. Generally there are two of them. They are garrulous and communicative, and as they hurry on they gossip with each other in jerky, strident tones which give the impression of inferior brain power. These are "road-runners," and a stuffed specimen with wings upraised and mouth half open can be seen in the window of a local gun store. They earn their name by thus running for hours along the trail in front of your pony. They have no air of fear, but keep your company in a jaunty, confident way, as if they knew it delighted you.

These go-as-you-please birds go about conspiring the overthrow of the rattlesnakes. They have formulated a simple, easy plan which all worthy road runners possess full knowledge of, and it never fails. They find a rattlesnake enjoying his siesta; no hard matter, as he sleeps most of his time. On discovering him the feathered assassins become very silent. They go about with hushed and cautious steps. With bitter zeal they begin the collection of pieces of cactus.

These are furnished abundantly with thorns keener than steel needles. They make a small but complete coral around the dreaming reptile. He is absolutely fagged in with cacti to a height of two or three inches. This feat a fact, the road runners throw off disguise and secrecy. They charge about outside the fence clamorous and flapping their wings. The rattlesnake awakes. They revile and scoff at him and no doubt tell him of outrage done on the eggs of ancestral road runners. Irritated and possibly somewhat dismayed, the serpent attempts to make off. He gets to the cactus barrier and essays to cross it. The conspirators outside redouble their yells and wing-flapping. They get around in his front and storm him with insult and epithet.

As he attempts to cross, the spines, sharper than he thought, wound his throat, which on the under side is quite tender. He draws back, his temper beginning to rouse under the wounds of the cacti and the racket of the birds. He tries to get out, one, two, three, four times. Each painful failure sees his rage increase. His eyes become damp, his head flattens, and dirty spots of dingy white occur on his body. At last, foiled and wild with rage, he strikes his poison-flowing fangs into himself. Soon after he dies, while the fiendish road runners shout their satisfaction. They remain until the rattlesnake is quite dead, and then depart, arm in arm, as it were, talking it over in a light, exultant way. —[Kansas City Star.]

Is There a Sixth Sense?

Paul Alexander Johnstone illustrated his theory of mind reading by opening a safe at the Wellington Hotel in Chicago. He donned a pair of thick gloves, bandaged his eyes, plugged his ears and nose with wool and destroyed the sense of taste by smoking a cigar. The gloves he wore were intended as non-conductors and to prevent any possibility of muscle reading between his subject and himself. Burying his other senses by wads of wool and bandages he wished to prove that he possessed another sense, which has not been recognized hitherto. A clerk, who knew the secret of the combination lock, placed his hands on Johnstone's head. The psychologist turned the knob to the proper figures and opened the safe, but not without difficulty. —[Washington Star.]

The Letter-Stamping Machine.

Ex-Postmaster Thomas L. James gives an interesting account in the Christian Union of the way that the New York Post Office handles its enormous mails. Of a new automatic contrivance he says: "The stamping is now done by a machine which will cancel, postmark, count and stack the letters and postal cards at the rate of about 25,000 per hour. In two hours and two minutes it canceled, postmarked, counted and stacked 46,480 letters and postal cards, of which 21,000 were letters. The machine is driven by an electric motor, but can be run with foot-power like a small printing-press."

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The progressive man is always in doubt.

Aristocracy and American ideas will not mix.

Idolatry is the worship of specific manners.

Temptation develops the power of abstinence.

The best advice one can give another is not to take it.

It is well to be eminent, but to feel eminent is a misfortune.

Progress depends upon the courage to defy the power of the rich.

Burdens grow lighter just as soon as we are willing to bear them.

The conscience will convey more morality than words can express.

A government of the people would not be afraid of the "upper ten."

The sincerity of a man is determined by his acts rather than his speech.

The manner of expression is derived from the right, and always subordinate to it.

A crude method is superior to a refined method when prompted by a dishonest intent.

The increase of wealth should improve the condition of humanity equally, for labor is a common necessity to its acquirement, and its ownership does not imply the right of the capitalist to rule and oppress the laborer. —[Sturdy Oak.]

How Hail is Formed.

A correspondent of Nature contributes to that journal a theory of the formation of hail, which is so short and clear that it will interest many readers, who have, at times, opportunity to test its correctness. Limiting our notice to such compound hailstones as are the most destructive, and are produced during a tornado or a violent thunderstorm, the following is in few words, the theory of the formation: When the winds gyrate rapidly round an axis, more or less inclined to the earth, the space at and about the axis is rarified. When the air charged with vapor is drawn into this rarified space, it may be condensed into cloud or rain, but at a greater elevation into snow.

Now, supposing the rain formed in the lower region to be drawn up by the ascending current into the snowy region, and so held for a short space, the drops will be frozen, and then, if propelled beyond the gyrations, it will fall to the ground as a shower of ordinary hail. But if in the descent they are again drawn in by the inflowing current they will be again carried up into the cold region, and so acquire another coating of snow, or, if wetted in the previous descent, the water will freeze into a coat of transparent ice. In this way the globe may make a number of ascents and descents, and acquire a fresh coating each time.

A Fish Shoots Water Bullets.

There is a curious fish called the sea-bream, which is very seldom caught off the English coasts, as it is a native of warmer seas than ours, says an English writer. It is thin and flat, with a brightly-colored body and a mouth which in many specimens projects so much as to look like a small snout. This snout is used in a wonderful way; the fish actually shoots insects with it.

Having discovered with its sharp eyes a fly resting on some leaf or twig not far above the water, the bream swims cautiously to a spot directly beneath, and then suddenly raising its snout above the surface, darts from it a single drop of water straight at its prey. It seldom if ever misses its aim. Down drops the unsuspecting fly into the water, where it is pounced upon and swallowed.

In China this strange fish is often kept as we in our country keep gold fish, for the amusement of seeing it shoot. A fly is fixed at some height above the vase or globe; the bream shoots at it again and again, puzzled no doubt that it does not fall, and rarely aiming wrong, though it may be at a distance of three or four feet. —[New York Journal.]

Safe With Only One Potato.

Did you ever calculate the value of a single potato on the basis that that single tuber was the only one left in the world?

That one would, of course, contain within itself the possibility of restocking the world with a valuable article of food. If one potato would produce, when planted, but ten potatoes, in ten years the total product would be 10,000,000,000 which would stock the whole world with seed.

If the world were reduced to one single potato it would be better that London of Chicago be blotted from the earth than for that one tuber to be lost. —[St. Louis Republic.]

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

It has been estimated that every rainy day in New York city costs more than \$100,000.

It takes two men two hours to wind the large clock in the steeple of Trinity Church, New York city.

A white rabbit with long, woolly hair was caught recently by J. S. Fleckinger, of Morrellville, Penn.

Texas derived its nickname, "Lone Star," from the Texas flag, which bore one star prior to its admission into the Union. Its present State seal carries a lone star.

A pearl found in the Pecatonica River by James Ellis, of Winslow, Wis., and sold by him for \$600, has been bought by a New York jeweller for \$5,000.

Washington and Monroe were the only Presidents that served during the Revolution. They were together at Trenton, where Monroe as a lieutenant was wounded.

"Cigars" may be bought in Holland for a cent apiece, and the frugal natives carry a small tin box in which they deposit unsmoked fragments, to be finished at leisure.

Doylestown, Penn., ducks are addicted to dissipation. They eat the tomato refuse from a seed establishment which has undergone fermentation and get drunk.

The nickname "Volunteer" was acquired by Tennessee during the Seminole war and war of 1812, from the large number of volunteer soldiers from the state.

The stream of lava flowing down the southeastern side of Vesuvius advances slowly and majestically, and is said to be a splendid spectacle from the observatory at Pompeii.

A case of extraordinary longevity is reported by a Monastir newspaper. In a village near Elbassan lives a man named Ismail who is said to be one hundred and forty years old.

The war ship that was carried eight miles inland by a tidal wave and ended her days by being used as a hotel, was the Watercress. The accident happened to her in the harbor of Arica, Peru, in 1868.

Trade marks were known in ancient Babylon; China had them as early as 1000 B. C.; they were authorized in England in 1300; Gutenberg, the inventor, is said to have had a lawsuit over his trade mark.

A rare and curious animal—a lizard known to science as Phrynosoma planiceps—has been received in Paris from South America. It is completely covered with wart-like points, and when frightened it flattens itself out on the ground, bristling with points.

The Baltimore American relates that a couple from Pocomoke, W. Va., who went to Cumberland, Md., to get married, were delayed thirty-six hours in having the ceremony performed, because the groom was not old enough by that number of hours to get a license.

The Penobscot River, the largest in Maine, drains 7400 square miles, a region as large as the State of Massachusetts. From Old Town to Bangor, a distance of twelve miles, the river falls more than ninety feet, giving several of the finest water powers in the world.

A German, of Boston, well known at the South End, recently took a trip to the fatherland. There he died. While living he turned the scale at 350 pounds. His body was cremated and the remains, weighing six ounces, inclosed in an envelope and sent to his family in Boston by mail.

A Congressman's Jumping Match.

Congressman Kilgore of Texas, tells this story about himself: "During the war, while on furlough, I once pulled up at a cabin in Louisiana. There was no one there but a woman. I had \$1 in my pocket, which I offered to pay her for a chicken, which was smoking on the table. She refused to sell, but was willing to wager the chicken against the dollar that she could beat me jumping. I to make the first jump, starting from the doorstep. I took a survey of the very short woman. I was a long-legged cuss, and I put the dollar on the table by the chicken. I then took a position on the doorstep, swung my hands to and fro, pluming for my flight through the air. Then I let out. By the time I hit the ground and turned to see the woman follow; she had shut the door and fastened it on the inside. The only thing I could see was the muzzle of a double-barrelled shotgun."

A Delicate Hint.

Customer—My watch which you repaired for me some time ago has stopped.

Jeweller—Ah! my collector informs me that the bill is still running.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The latest discovery in the way of cures for Bright's disease is a diet of fresh buttermilk.

It is said that the onion is a great sleep inducer, and about equal to quinine for malaria.

The raising of sisal hemp in the Bahamas promises to be one of the chief industries of these islands.

The luminous buoy of M. Dibos has been tried in France, and was seen at a distance of five and a half miles.

An electrical gyroscope has been devised in Paris and applied to show the rotation of the earth and to correct ships' compasses.

Electrical mining apparatus and the magnetic treatment of iron ores are exciting no small degree of interest among mining engineers.

A French journal tells of a magnet for extracting particles of metal that have penetrated into the skin and eyes of workmen in machine shops.

French physiologists have found that alcohol produces the same effects, including a derangement similar to delirium tremens, on dogs as on men.

It is only one person in a thousand who becomes a centenarian, and hardly six persons among a thousand even attain seventy-five years of age.

Among recent inventions is "floating rope," with a center consisting of a core of small round corks placed end to end, and surrounded by a network of twine.

An electric welding machine for making chain cables is among the latest applications of electric welding. It has been found possible to weld two links at the same time.

The disagreeable effect produced on the eyes by the ruby light used in dry-plate photography can be obviated by placing a pane of ground glass between the eyes and the ruby light.

After a series of very careful experiments, Prof. Cohn of Breslau has found that the heating of damp hay to a temperature sufficient to cause spontaneous combustion is due to a fungus.

The Academie des Sciences has submitted a new system of musical notation in which 27 characters replace the 203 symbols now employed to represent the 7 notes of the gamut in the 7 keys.

After some forty years of immersion in the waters of the pool of Echo-schacht, not far from Hermannstadt, several human bodies have been brought to the surface in a state of perfect preservation.

A prize offered by the French Minister of War for the quickest pigeon flight from Perigueux to Paris, \$10 miles, was won in seven hours and thirty-four minutes. There were 2,746 entries in the race.

In some ninety species of plants growing on the coast and in the interior of France M. Pierre Lesage has found that proximity to the sea causes a thickening of the leaves. Artificially salted soil produces the same result.

It has been suggested that the study of the influence of diet and habit upon the color of hair in different nations of men may cause discoveries by which the color of the hair in the human race may be modified by judicious treatment.

Prof. Pickering thinks that the term canal, applied to the marks on the surface of Mars, is a misnomer, and that there is no proof whatever of any one containing water. Had there been anything like a watery vapor his own powerful instrument would have developed it.

Nitro-Glycerine as a Medicine.

Notwithstanding the nature of nitro-glycerine, and the purposes to which it is usually put, it is a medical remedy of no little value. Thus far it has generally been employed in cases of heart trouble, in which a tonic effect was required. Oftentimes it has proved of marvelous efficacy and restored life in exceedingly desperate cases. One in point was that of a boy suffering from typhoid fever. He was literally at death's door when the remedy was applied. He was pulseless at the wrist, his extremities were cold, and he had that peculiar breathing which is so sure an indication of impending death. One drop of one per cent. solution of nitro-glycerine was injected into each arm. "Within an hour from that time the boy was warm, and his recovery was practically insured." Recently there have been recorded four or five cases of poisoning by illuminating or coal gas oil, which were treated with nitro-glycerine, and recovery took place in every instance. In all the cases the improvement was speedy, and the signs of it appeared a few minutes after the drug was injected under the skin. —[Boston Herald.]

HUMOROUS.

Have to draw the line—Washer-woman.

Astronomers usually play star engagements.

It is not so destructive for robbers to go through a train as it is for a train to go through a bridge.

When a man begins to show signs of becoming a crank, the indications are that he has reached a turning point in life.

He—"The money of the country seems to be all locked up." She—"I'm not surprised, for I heard it had been very tight recently."

"Doctor," said a despairing patient to his physician, "I am in a dreadful condition; I can neither lay nor set; what shall I do?" "I think you had better roost," was the reply.

She—"He seems a very methodical man. I suppose he understands his business thoroughly?" He—"Yes." She—"By the way, what is his business?" He—"He has none."

Some men never take a joke. There was an old doctor who, when asked what was good for mosquitoes, wrote back: "How do you suppose I can tell unless I know what ails the mosquito?"

"Help! help!" shrieked a man who was struggling in the river. "Can't you swim?" asked a sympathetic individual from the shore. "Yes; I'm drowning just for fun," was the ironical reply.

A Millionaire's First \$100.

A frequent visitor to New York is Phil Armour, the Chicago pork packer, short, stocky, far from attractive in any sense, but singularly happy; who has managed to make a big fortune. He cares little for money now, but time was when the loss of \$100 nearly drove him mad. It was a good many years ago, in the days of gold on the Pacific slope. Armour was one of the numberless throng there searching for fortune.

Fortune paid no heed to him, however, but finally he managed to get some "washings" that he sold for \$100. This sum he carefully tied up in an old cotton handkerchief for safe-keeping. Then he hunted around for a place to put it. His eyes spied an old and dilapidated coffee-pot in a corner of the cabin, he occupied with three other seekers for fortune. He put the \$100 carefully in it and placed it lovingly on a convenient shelf; then he went about his daily toil. When he returned from work his eyes instinctively searched for the old pot. It was gone!

One of his partners had tired of work and come home. He had nothing else to do, so he went to clean house. The old coffee-pot went with the rubbish, and a fire was made of it all in a little clump of bushes near by. Great was the consternation when Armour told what the pot contained. Finally he reached it, blackened and bent, but the money was intact, and no happier man slept in the diggings that night. Thereafter he carried it around with him in a belt.

And that \$100 was the foundation of the Armour millions. —[Savannah News.]

The Hands of the Rice Fields.

It is of the rice-fields of the tidal-floods of the Georgia and Carolina coast and of the adjacent islands, that we would speak. To those who have never been among them, these rice plantations would afford much that is both novel and interesting. This ever-green region, where the plaintive notes of the whippoorwill and song of the sweet throated mocking bird float up through the moss-covered trees; and negroes, fever and ague, rice-birds and alligators abound, would indeed seem to be a new world to our Northern brethren and the picturesque effects charm the eye of the stranger artist. The rice-field hand is himself a distinct type, totally different in both aspect and dialect from the negroes of the interior; and a not uninteresting sight is the force, as with song and shout they take their way along the embankment to the rice-field.

Their ancestors for generations back, or, as they would tell you, "mi farrar an' mi granfarrar," have lived and labored in these malarial regions, and they accept chill and fever and other infelicities incident to these localities as unavoidable evils, plodding on with no higher aim nor hope, careless for the future, and not over-anxious for the present. The cost of living is small, as not many nor very warm garments are considered necessary, and the rice-field hand's ideas of a wardrobe are extremely limited, from both blissful ignorance and choice. Fish and game are plentiful, and in these regions a heavy diet is to be indulged in only at great risk. —[Popular Science Monthly.]

WAYS OF SMUGGLERS.

Many People Evade the Law
Despite Constant Care.

Utilizing a Dead Horse to
Smuggle Cigars.

In spite of the vigilance of customs inspectors and the almost perfect working of the secret service, smuggling is continually carried on in some degree, and for ingenuity in ways that are dark and tricks not always vain the smuggler is an adept. Steamers from South America and the West Indies and tramp steamers bring in cigars, liquors, and a great variety of merchandise not on the vessel's manifest, which finally gets on the market without paying tribute to the government, and probably never a great transatlantic liner arrived at this port that did not bring some goods which were smuggled through.

The ingenuity of the smuggler is great. Some years ago, when the Barge Office was used as a landing place for cabin passengers, a Custom House officer one day stepped up to a respectable appearing, well-dressed woman who, with her husband was standing waiting to have her luggage examined, and requested her presence in the searching room. She carried a small travelling bag in her hand, and he made her bring that along, too. She was, of course, indignant and her husband uttered all sorts of threats against the officer for what he denounced as "this outrage."

But the officer calmly opened the bag and took therefrom a soap box and from the soap box a cake of soap. The cake of soap had been used and looked like any other innocent piece of toilet soap. But when the officer cut it in two with his knife a nest of sparkling diamonds of great beauty and value was disclosed in its interior. How the customs officers knew that woman, that travelling bag and that cake of soap is a mystery, but one no doubt susceptible of an easy solution if all the facts in the case were known.

The secret service has its agents everywhere and the great trouble with women smugglers is that they will talk, especially when they have hit upon some particularly ingenious plan for smuggling. Sometimes portly women will enter the seizure room, to emerge therefrom greatly emaciated, but leaving behind large quantities of valuable lace.

The smokestacks of steamers from the West Indies have been known on several occasions to yield up many hundred dollars' worth of cigars. In fact, the smokestack is a favorite place for hiding smuggled goods. This sort of smuggling is done by the crew who work under the double disadvantage as a rule of having to evade the watchful eyes of both the officers of the steamer and the customs officers. Once a dead horse was carried by the tide on to the beach at Coney Island. When people went to remove the carcass they found that the intestines had been removed and the interior of the dead animal filled with Havana cigars. The carcass and its cargo had probably been thrown overboard from some steamer and the confederates who were to have towed the argosy ashore at some secluded place had missed connection. Throwing things overboard when the vessel arrives at night to be picked up by a boat from shore is a common practice.

Sometimes a swift sailing vessel is used which, approaching the coast, lays off and on until night, and then putting in to some obscure harbor lands a portion of its cargo and sails away to some nearby port to enter and discharge the goods on its manifest. The yacht Halcyon, recently wrecked on the Japanese coast, was at one time a celebrated smuggler on the Pacific Coast. Once a schooner came sailing up Narragansett Bay and at night put into a little harbor on the Warwick shore where she unloaded a large cargo. The goods were stored in the barn of a farmer nearby. A dray load of foreign goods coming into Providence from Warwick excited the suspicions of somebody, and arrests and seizures followed.—[New York Tribune.]

A Barrier Between Them.
A little British expedition recently steamed far up the Benue branch of the Niger River in a small steam launch and finally entered a tributary of the Benue and explored a region which no white man has ever visited before. The most interesting thing about their journey was the curious experience they had with the natives. They had been passing for a good while through a region that was inhabited by Moslem blacks, fruits of the rather severe methods of con-

version employed by the Arab invaders of the Soudan.

The country was very fertile, and the people were numerous; but all of a sudden, though the country still wore its usual aspect, and the soil was apparently rich, population entirely ceased. For a stretch of over twenty miles not a hut was to be seen, nor was a single sign of human life anywhere observed. The expedition wondered at this remarkable state of affairs, for the country was certainly inviting, and they could not imagine why it had no inhabitants.

All at once, however, as they rounded a bend in the river, they saw big crowds of natives running down the slopes of the hills to the bank. They brandished their spears at the white men on the little boat, and told them to go back for they wanted no Moslem in their country. There was an interpreter on the vessel who succeeded in convincing the natives that the visitors were not Moslems, and thereupon the people became quite friendly. Then the reason for this curious lack of population was ascertained.

When the tribes who had been converted to Islam found that the natives near them were just as strong as they were, the spread of their religion in that direction abruptly ceased, but these heathen people and the Moslem converts near them could not live at peace with one another. It was finally decided that, as they could not be good neighbors, a stretch of country should be placed between them where no one should live, and in that way they expected to get along with less bloodshed. So all the people who inhabited this fertile region, about twenty miles wide, packed up their little belongings and moved away, and this stretch of country thus came to be without a single inhabitant. Today it is a No Man's Land, and the only reason is that the people who are neighbors there cannot live on friendly terms, and, having tired of fighting, have put this barrier between them.—[New York Sun.]

Another Guess at the Queen's Name.
A correspondent who seems to know what he is talking about writes to the London Times protesting against the vulgar error of supposing that the family name of the present reigning dynasty in Great Britain is Guelph.

If the royal family can be said to have a family name that name is d'Este, not Guelph. The last Guelph of the male line was Guelph III, Duke of Carinthia. He died without issue and left the representation of his family to his only sister, Cunegunda, who, in 1040, wedded Azo d'Este, Marquis of Este. From this marriage, in direct male line, descended all the members of the royal and ducal families of Hanover and Brunswick, whose correct family name, therefore, is d'Este.

That this is the case is evident from the fact that the children of the late Augustus Frederick (Duke of Sussex) whose marriage with Lady Augusta Murray was invalidated by the royal marriage act of 1772, assumed the surname of d'Este, not Guelph.

There are very many, however, who maintain that when she wedded with the German prince consort Victoria forfeited her maiden family name (whatever it was), and that all her children should be regarded as members of the family whose name their father bore, this being the custom and law of Christendom.—[Chicago News.]

Singular Faculty of a Lunatic.

A patient formerly confined in the Hospital for the Insane in this city seemed fond of reading, and in taking up a newspaper it was noticed that he would read without hesitation whether the paper was sideways or bottom side up. As a further test of his powers one of the attendants held a newspaper spread out before him, keeping it constantly turning around; still, with wonderful ease, the lunatic continued to read uninterruptedly. To test him still further a reel was produced, and the paper spread out and attached to the arms, the whole being then placed before the patient. No matter how rapidly the reel was turned, the wonderful creature would read article after article aloud without seeming to be disturbed in the least. We have never heard whether the singular phenomenon was continued, or even whether the patient is still living or not.—[Hartford (Ct.) Post.]

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FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

HOW TO CARVE A LEG OF MUTTON.

When you are sure the leg is from a sheep of good breed and that it is really tender, take hold of it by the knuckle with the left hand and then cut the slices perpendicular from the joint to the bone of the file; then remove the muscle of the knuckle; next turn the leg over and slice off the back portion. For this essentially primitive way of carving gourmets substitute carving by curvilinear slices, which renders the pieces more succulent. It must be remembered that neither of these ways should be resorted to except when the meat is of the best quality and of great tenderness.

In other cases, the better way to proceed is to cut horizontally instead of perpendicularly, that is, cut off the slices parallel with the bone. The slices should be cut very thin, and when a sufficient number have been sliced off, plunge the fork into what remains of the leg several times and let the gravy run over them. A few drops of lemon juice and a little pepper and salt added will improve the flavor amazingly.—[Boston Herald.]

CARE OF MATTING.

In sweeping the pretty and economical straw matting that is growing to be very popular with housekeepers during warm weather, do not use a broom, for it will tear the strands in a short time. A long handled bristle brush, such as is used for oilcloth, is the nicest and will remove the dust best, for the soft bristles can go into crevices that a broom would miss. Always, when possible, brush the lengthwise of the grain and the strands of straw will not wear and break as quickly as though brushed across.

Some persons clean matting by sprinkling bran or coarse Indian meal over it; then with a long handled mop, with cloth wrung out of clean, warm water rubbing the grain well over the carpet, then leaving it until dry, when the grain is brushed off. This is claimed to be a thorough way of cleaning matting, but it is usual to simply wipe it off with a damp cloth, wrung out of salt and water, not wetting the matting much. For winter use, if a heavy layer of carpet lining is put under it, matting is a comfortable floor covering.

With pretty rugs scattered over it the room has a pleasant, home-like appearance that is very attractive. It is cheap, and if care is taken when putting it down that little cleavers, made especially for the purpose, are used instead of the ordinary carpet tacks, it can be easily taken up at any time when cleaning house, cleaned and put down.—[Carpet Trade Review.]

RECIPES.

Hamstead Soup—One quart of rich stock. Put into a frying-pan a piece of butter as large as a hickory nut, and a half onion. Fry to a light brown and put into your stock with a tablespoonful of cold mashed potatoes. Salt and pepper to taste. When the soup is boiling add a half cupful of Italian paste or serve with crotons.

Chicken Patties—Chicken patties are made by picking the meat from cold chicken and cutting in small pieces. Put it in a saucepan with a little water or milk, butter, pepper and salt; thicken with a little flour and the yolk of an egg; line some patty pans with nice but not very rich crust; rub them over with the white of the egg and bake. When done fill with the chicken and serve hot.

Mincied Bee Steak on Toast—A favorite and without doubt the best way to use cold beefsteak is to mince it finely, and put it to stewing for fifteen minutes, with quite a little water. Add to the gravy a good sized lump of butter, a small onion and a small teaspoonful of catsup, and serve it smoking hot on nicely browned toast. Lamb, mutton, veal, game or fowl may be used in the same way.

Hale Balls—Put a teacup of sweet milk on to boil, add half a teacup of stale bread crumbs, and stir over the fire until thick; add half a pint of lean ham, finely chopped with a little parsley, cayenne and the beaten yolk of an egg; mix well and turn out to cool. When cold form into balls; roll first in egg and then in grated bread crumbs and let stand fifteen minutes. Then fry brown, in boiling lard. Garnish with parsley.

Canning Pears—An excellent recipe for canning pears is to use sufficient water to cook the pears safely and sweeten to taste, making rather a rich sirup; then pack the pears closely in hot jars and fill up with the scalding sirup. To prevent discoloration in preparing the fruit drop each pear when peeled into a pan of cold water, then put them carefully into the boiling sirup and cook until they can be pierced easily with a silver fork.

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Continued on 8th page.

LEXINGTON
NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Town meeting next Tuesday, Nov. 4.

—The Monday Club is to meet next Monday afternoon with Mrs. C. C. Goodwin.

—Mr. Henry Turner and wife are enjoying a vacation among their friends in another state.

—Main street has been greatly improved the past year by the work which has been done on it and the street is in better condition than it has been for years.

—The meeting of the local Chautauqua Circle was omitted this week owing to the death of Mrs. Child's father, Mr. Adams. The meeting was to have taken place with Mrs. Childs.

—The Monday Club postponed their meeting of this week to enable the ladies to attend the lecture given on Monday afternoon, by Mrs. Bernard Whitman, in the vestry of the Unitarian church.

—Mr. Warren Sherburne and family is domiciled at the Russell House, where they will remain till their home on Commonwealth avenue, Boston, is reopened for the winter season.

—A large party from Boston and Waltham shared in the hospitalities of the Massachusetts House, on the 23d inst. On Sunday transient guests put up at this house, representing Boston, Cambridge and Lynn.

—Mr. C. Cotton Kimball, of Boston, occupied the pulpit of the Hancock church, on Sunday last, and made the Mass. House his headquarters as has been the custom of the supply ministers in the absence of the regular pastor.

—The dreaded malaria has had our post master, Mr. E. G. Babcock, in its clutches. He was at his post for the first time for a week on Tuesday, having been confined to the bed with a severe attack.

—The regular weekly prayer meeting of the Hancock Y. P. S. C. E. will be held as usual on Monday evening, in the church, at 7.30, p. m. Subject, "Singers. Praise service. What is our song?" Ref. Isa. 51: 1-36; Eph. 5: 19; Col. 3: 16. Accordial invitation is extended to all interested to be present.

—Rev. Carlton A. Staples is giving a course of evening lectures on Sunday, at the Unitarian church. The subject of the same is, "Biographical lectures on Religious and Philanthropic characters." Last Sunday he spoke of Miss Dorathea L. Dix, giving the first part, the closing remarks being continued until next Sunday evening, Nov. 2.

—At the meeting of the Independence Lodge, A. O. U. W., held in G. A. R. Hall, Tuesday evening, three new names were presented for membership. The committee on resolutions presented at this meeting those drawn up by them pertaining to the death of Mr. A. F. Gould, who was a member of the order and served it in offices of honor and trust.

—Rev. E. G. Porter, arrived home this week from his vacation in the west, in and is to deliver the preparatory lecture at the Hancock church, this evening, and will occupy his own pulpit on Sunday. After his month's absence he will doubtless have a large congregation to welcome him home.

—The Male Chorus Club have entered on their season of work under very favorable auspices. The practice night is as usual on Friday evenings and the club meets at the old place, the High school building. Prof. Eph. Cutter, Jr., continues to be the director of the club in spite of engagements elsewhere.

—The grand jury presented an indictment on arraignment day (last week Saturday), against J. P. Dinan, Mrs. Julia Savage, Mrs. Nora Drury and Chas. Austen, for their each and several share in the assault on special police officer Cornelius O'Leary, on July 3d, '90. The case may be presented for trial some time during the present session of the Superior Court, which held its first sitting on Monday of this week.

—An alarm of fire was received by telephone Sunday evening of a conflagration in East Lexington, and in consequence the alarm bell was rung for the fire department at the centre, between half-past ten and eleven o'clock. Word was received later by which it was only deemed necessary to send the Hook & Ladder Co. to render assistance. The fire was on the premises of Dr. Kennison, on Maple street, and the burning was two stacks of hay which it is supposed were set fire to for the sake of the blaze furnished.

—The all important event of the political world, the annual election of officers of the Commonwealth, occurs next Tuesday, Nov. 4th. Lexington's town meeting is called at seven o'clock, a. m., and the polls will be open for the balloting for the election of the officers of the State, County and District, immediately after the meeting is duly organized. The polls will close at four o'clock, p. m., or later if the meeting so directs, but not to extend beyond sunset. There is no

need urging a full attendance of voters at the polls for the issues at stake ought to be sufficient to insure a large vote of the town.

—The repairs of the railroad property at the centre have included the water tank which has been neatly painted.

—The contractor for the new Hancock school house, H. Carpenter, of Ware, Mass., is boarding for the present with Mrs. A. E. Franks, on Main street, who has recently opened a boarding house in the Raymond building, just opposite the Massachusetts House.

—O, joy unforeseen! We are not to be afflicted with that startling, invincible blue, which has been a depressing feature of the interior decorations(?) of the railroad station in the men's waiting room. It has all been washed off this week and will give place to a more pleasing tint, so we are sympathetically assured by those in authority.

—The work of erecting gates at the railroad crossing at Revere street has commenced, the car with the work shop being side tracked at the centre where the gates are being put together previous to their being placed in position at the crossing. Nothing as yet has been done in regard to raising the bridge at Pierce's Bridge.

—The Prison Association has established a custom which is denoted "Prison Sunday" when the pastors are requested to use this subject as the topic of their discourse on this special occasion. Last Sunday being the time for the observance of this day, Rev. Mr. Staples preached a sermon, at the Unitarian church, on the subject of "The care of criminals in and out of prison."

—If we are not mistaken the railroad management will find that the repairing of the old station at Lexington centre, which has been going on for about three months, has cost them very nearly as much as it would have been necessary to expend to build a new station. There is a certain point reached in all things when it is desirable to pull down and build new, and it strikes the community that the old station had reached that point long ago.

—Last week Friday a painful accident happened to John McQuade, a young lad who was driving into Boston on Nourse's express wagon. When the team was within the limits of Arlington, he lost his balance in some way and fell from the team, landing directly under the forward wheels, and in such a way that the protruding bolt of iron caught his leg and tore it, making a painful wound. The driver checked the horses just in time to prevent the boy from being run over by the heavy load.

—Considerable progress has been made on the new school house the past ten days and the heavy foundation of brick and stone is laid up to the line of the ground floor, or entrance floor of the building. A fine piece of work has been done thus far by contractor Carpenter, and the masonry is massive and solid, the foundation up to the grade line being from four to five feet in thickness. An inner brick wall is to be carried up the entire height of the structure, and outside of this is to be a wall of field stone which will be laid to the height of nine feet and from this point it will be all of brick with trimmings of brown free stone, quarried near Springfield, Mass. The sills are already in place and are of finished granite.

—Monday afternoon in the vestry of the First Parish church, Mrs. Bernard Whitman, a daughter of Mrs. Whitman, of Muzzey St., gave an interesting and instructive talk to an audience composed mainly of ladies of the town interested in missionary labors. Mrs. Whitman has personally an intimate acquaintance and interest in the labors of the missionary Ramabai, a woman who is a native of Bengal, India, and is trying to do all in her power to aid and benefit her sex in that country where woman is oppressed and degraded. Ramabai, it was shown, had concentrated her labors in establishing a school in her native land, partly as a refuge and particularly to teach the young widows, who at the death of their husbands, are treated with cruelty and contempt, through the superstition that they are the cause of the husband's death. The talk was thoroughly enjoyed and was made more graphic by the fact of Mrs. Whitman's intimate knowledge of the customs of the country, and her close friendship for Ramabai, who she showed was doing a grand work in far India for the uplifting of women.

—There are five articles in the warrant for town meeting, Tuesday next, relative to town affairs. The first is in regard to a suit against the town of J. Merrill Brown, architect, Boston. In the second an additional appropriation is asked for concrete walks and the next asks what action the town will take in relation to enlarging the barn at the Poor Farm. This latter subject is an important one and it is most certainly for the interest of the town to expend a reasonable sum of money to provide a barn that will meet the requirements of the farm which are increasing each year. The present barn is far from adequate

and much of the town property used on it receives more or less injury from a lack of storage room to house it. It is asked, also, that the Selectmen or the Building Com. be instructed to insure the new school building as its construction progresses. The last article pertains to Clark street and it is petitioned that the Selectmen be requested to make the street the full width, as it has been laid out.

—Mrs. F. B. Hayes invites the public to her magnificent show of chrysanthemums from Nov. 1st to the 10th inclusive.

—An entertainment of a pleasing nature is to take place at the Unitarian church on Nov. 5th.

—The public meeting of the local Tariff Reform Club was held in Town Hall, Tuesday evening and the club were fortunate in being granted a most beautiful night, rare at this time of year. The audience which gathered filled the hall two-thirds full and listened with quiet courtesy to what the speakers had to tell them in regard to the tariff question, although the extreme length of the meeting was rather wearisome, which had a tendency to offset the excellent points made by the speakers. An audience, like a measure, can only hold so much, and the pressing down and running over process sometimes knocks the bottom out of the measure and in the same manner scatters the substance of the remarks listened to out of the average man's head. The principal speaker was Wm. Lloyd Garrison, who addressed the audience at length reading a carefully written treatise on the tariff reformer's theories, and gave the audience some idea of the subject from his standpoint. He made a pointed argument in favor of the Democratic policy of low tariff in which he earnestly commended the reciprocity principles of Mr. Blaine. His characterization of Mr. Greenhalge, introduced in his remarks, was "the fluent and flippant member of Congress from Lowell." The other speakers are well known here in local affairs and spoke substantially in the same strain as at the Democratic rally of a few days ago. These speakers were Steph. H. Tyng, Esq., J. Russell Reed, Esq. and Mr. Geo. O. Smith, who related the workings of the new tariff bill in his business as a dealer and importer in cigars and tobacco. Mr. A. S. Parsons, president of the club, in his introductory remarks, referred to the challenge to the Republican town committee to engage in a joint debate on the tariff issue, which was declined.

—The course of lectures which have been given by Mr. Henry Clapp on the great Shakespearean dramas the past month at the Unitarian church, closed last evening, making five in all. The course has proved in every respect successful and enjoyable, and an intellectual treat to which a local audience is rarely favored. But it is also rare for a town the size ours to be able to furnish so large a class of people who can appreciate and will patronize this high quality of entertainment, which not only entertains but cultivates thoughtful intelligence and a keener perception of what the works of great writers are intended to convey. Each lecture as given by Mr. Clapp has been a sermon in morals and ethics, so charmingly blended by his brilliant word pictures that they have been fixed in the mind as with an index finger, and all who have listened to him have discovered new fields of thought and speculation in the plays of Shakespeare. A Winter's Tale, was the subject of the lecture last night and we regret a lack of space and time compels us to pass over it with but brief mention. The speaker said it must be kept in mind that this was a romance of fairy tale and was one of the last written by Shakespeare, the date being fixed at 1610. He showed how rhyme in this last period had almost been dispensed with and the rules of rhetoric almost ignored, showing it could not be the work of the scholarly Bacon. Mr. Clapp's depiction of all the characters of this play was masterly and the lecture a keen and brilliant one. At the close, a few graceful remarks wound of the course and dismissed the audience.

—The November number of The North American Review opens with a review of the work of the Fifty-first Congress. With its usual impartiality, it allows three representatives of each party in the House of Representatives to express their opinions with entire freedom. Turning from domestic politics to foreign affairs, we next have a striking article on "Scottish Politics" by the Marquis of Lorne, who treats his subject in a clever and entertaining way. Gail Hamilton's account of the life of women in the proudest ages of paganism is continued, the author giving a graphic picture of "The Ladies of the Last Caesars." Ex-United States Senator Warner Miller enters a plea in behalf of "Business Men in Politics." Mr. Geo. P. A. Healy, the distinguished artist, supplements his "Crown and Coronets" in the previous number with further "Reminiscences of a Portrait-Painter." Mr. Healy tells how he came to paint his famous "Webster Replying to Hayne," now in Faneuil Hall, and says that each "headon that vast canvas is a portrait." This is followed by a brace of articles on

Southern politics. A highly characteristic contribution from Walt Whitman appears under the heading "Old Poets." In the "good gray poet" gives his opinion of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Bryant, Browning, and others. A comprehensive account of "The London Police," is furnished by James Monroe, C. B., late Commissioner of Police for that metropolis. In the Notes and Comments Oscar Fay Adams writes of "The Ruthless Sex," Edward Stanwood of "The Clamor for 'More Money,'" Dr. Felix L. Oswald of "A Fatal Synonym," Dr. Cyrus Edson of "Premonitions and Warnings," and John H. Hopkins of "The Army of Mercenaries."

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"Yes; but I guess 'want' will be my master. I started to keep down expenses; and now I'll say 'I'm mean,' and she's tired of saving and never having anything to show for it. I saw your wife down street, and she looked as happy as a queen!"
"I think she is; and we are economical, too—have to be. My wife can make a little go further than anyone I ever knew, yet she's always surprising me with some dainty contrivance that adds to the comfort and beauty of our little home, and she's always 'merry as a lark.' When I ask how she manages it, she always laughs and says: 'Oh! that's my secret!' But I think I've discovered her 'secret.' When we married, we both knew we should have to be very careful, but she made one condition: she would have her Magazine. And she was right! I wouldn't do without it myself for double the subscription price. We read it together, from the title-page to the last word; the stories keep our hearts young; the synopsis of important events and scientific matters keeps me posted so that I can talk understandingly of what is going on; my wife is always trying some new ideas from the household department; she makes all her dresses and those for the children, and she gets all her patterns for nothing, with the Magazine; and we saved Joe when he was so sick with the croup, by doing just as directed in the Sanitarian Department. But I can't tell you half!"
"What wonderful Magazine is it?"
"Demorest's Family Magazine, and—"
"What! Why that's what I'd wanted so bad, and I told her it was an extravagance."
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Boots AND Shoes
That are the talk of the Town,
EXAMINE BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.
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High Grade Candles. Havana Cigars.
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ICE CREAM SALOON,
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Ice Cream in all flavors, by quart or gallon.
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The Prince's Bow and Arrows.

There was a little Prince of Spain
Lived very long ago.
Who said the big horizon—
He would bend it like a bow.
His arrows in the form of ships
He'd shoot, and make them go
To many undiscovered lands
Where gold and diamonds grow;
And so this little Prince of Spain
Longed for the years to go
Until his arm was strong enough
To bend his mighty bow.

And so this little Prince of Spain,
Like little boys you know,
As the advancing years went on
Did marvellously grow.
And he became the King of Spain
And made the ships to go
To many undiscovered lands
Where gold and diamonds grow.
His arrows in the form of ships
Swung idly to and fro,
For though his arm was very strong
He could not bend his bow.

We all are princes of the blood,
Who build our ships to go
To many undiscovered lands
Where gold and diamonds grow;
But still on old familiar seas
They wander to and fro,
And hug the immemorial shores
Where landward breezes blow.
And like the little Prince of Spain,
Who lived so long ago,
We have our arrows ready
But we cannot bend the bow.

—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

DRAWING LOTS.

It was a still, bright sunset in late October. Last night's frost had unsealed the chestnut burrs on Yellow Mountain and shaken the glossy brown treasures out among the fallen leaves and mosses. The tall dahlias by the garden fence hung their blackened heads, as if some unseen fire had passed over them, and a locust was winding his shrill horn among the hop-poles at the back door.

Old Mrs. Crisp, from her cushioned arm-chair, watched the yellow light fade slowly away from the western hill-tops.

She was a little old woman, her face printed over with fine wrinkles, her eyes shining like black coals under their shaggy gray brows, and she wore a black calico gown patterned in an odd, sickle-shaped design of white, with a muslin half-handkerchief pinned around her neck, and as she looked this way and that, in a feeble, petulant sort of way, a deep sigh pumped itself up from her inner consciousness.

"Oh, dear, dear," said Mrs. Crisp, talking aloud to herself, as was her way during these not infrequent periods of loneliness, "everything's every which way! There's the cows lowing at the bars to be milked, and nobody to let 'em in, and the pigs a-squealing for their supper like all possessed, and the turkeys flapping up into the apple-tree boughs to roost, instid o' goin' into the poultry-house, as they should, and the kettle not on, and me here helpless, a poor, good-for-nothin' creature! What has become of Lotty?"

"Nothing at all, Mrs. Crisp," spoke up a sweet, distinct young voice, and a girl of seventeen or thereabouts came briskly into the room. "I'll look after the cows and the turkeys and the pigs and the teakettle. Don't you fret yourself."

"I can't noways help it," said Mrs. Crisp. "You ain't nothin' but a feather-headed child, Lotty Ansel, and I'm a fool to have you in the house. Hurry up with the cows now. I'd be ashamed to have Deacon Brand go 'by and see 'em not milked this time of the evening. And if the turkeys once get on the top branch of the tree, no power alive will git 'em down ag'in."

But Lotty took her time about it—untying her sun bonnet strings and smoothing out her masses of wavy, black hair, before she went to work. "There is no hurry, Mrs. Crisp," said she.

The old woman watched her with an exasperated countenance.

"Lotty Ansel," said she, "I'd like to shake you!"

Lotty laughed as she took up the tea-kettle.

"Oh, but you can't," said she. "I shall take particularly good care to keep out of your reach. Where's the milk-pail? Oh, I remember—I left it in the sunshine, out on the bench."

"I'm sure I dunno why I have you here at all," sighed Mrs. Crisp, nervously patting her foot on the floor.

"I know," said saucy Lotty. "Because you can't get any one else for the wages you're willing to give, with all the scoldings thrown in. Bessie Barclay tried it, and made a dead failure of it; and Susan Harrison wouldn't stay a week. I don't know," Lotty added, reflectively, "that I shall stay very long."

"Oh, Lotty," cried Mrs. Crisp, "you wouldn't leave me here alone?"

Lotty paused on the threshold and turned her bright face toward the old woman.

"No," said she, "I won't, Mrs. Crisp. You are very cross and very

exacting, and I get dreadfully out of patience with you sometimes; but I like you after all, and I won't leave you just yet."

And she took her way, with light footsteps, toward the cow-yard.

"Provoking little creature!" said Mrs. Crisp. "But I don't know's I could do better. She's dreadful independent to my face, but that's better'n talking behind my back. I wonder—"

And she sat in deep meditation until Lotty returned, a foaming milk-pail in either hand.

"I really think," she broke out at last, "that it would be a good idee for Alexander to get married."

"So do I," said Lotty, from the back room, where she was straining the milk into a row of glittering pans.

"I don't know," sharply retorted Mrs. Crisp, "that it's any of your business, miss!"

"Oh, yes, it is," said Lotty. "It's everybody's business why Aleck Crisp don't get married. There isn't a soul in the village but is talking about it."

"What do they say?" questioned Mrs. Crisp.

"They say you won't let him."

Mrs. Crisp moved uneasily in her chair.

"I wits sort o' set agin it," owned she. "But I ain't any longer. Let me see—there's Huldah Crump—"

"She's too old," interposed Lotty, who was now scalding out the milk pails.

"Hold your tongue!" said Mrs. Crisp, sharply. "And there's Peninah Foster—"

"Aleck Crisp would never marry a girl with a nose all on one side, like Peninah!" cried Lotty, who had drawn out the round table and was covering it with a clover-patterned cloth for tea.

She was light in her movements and swift, like a humming-bird.

"Hallie Van Vorst," Mrs. Crisp counted up on her fingers, "and Lucy Barrow—"

"They'd any one of 'em marry your Aleck," said Lotty searching in the cupboard for the spoons, "if they had the chance."

"I hate to give him up to a stranger," sighed Mrs. Crisp, "but if I'm to be helpless like this, something must be done."

"Oh!" said Lotty, with a toss of her head. "So anyone that marries Aleck has got to marry you, too! Hallie Van Vorst never would stand that, Mrs. Crisp, and Huldah Crump has a nice stiff temper of her own too!"

"Little Ansel, I do wish—"

"Look here, Mrs. Crisp," said Lotty advancing with the bread-board in one hand and the sharp knife in another, "I'll tell you what. When Aleck's wife makes it too hot to hold you here, you come and live with me. I'll take care of you if you do scold me sometimes."

"This ain't a jestin' subject, Lotty," said the old woman, severely. "Huldah Peninah, Hallie Van Vorst and Lucy Barrow—"

"Squire Haddon's Victorine is rather spoony on your son Aleck," suggested Lotty.

"I don't know what spooney means," said Mrs. Crisp, coldly. "Victorine Haddon and Frances Jane Dodd—all of 'em smart, stirrin' gals. I don't know which I like best of the lot."

"Draw lots," suggested mischievous Lotty. "Here's Aleck's old hat. Wait a minute till I write the names on slips of paper. Let Aleck draw for himself. That will settle it."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Crisp. "Though I don't know why that ain't as sensible away as any, arter all. Give me the pencil, Lotty, and a book to write on. I'll write the names myself. You'll be up to some of your tricks."

"No, I won't," said Lotty. "How or bright!"

But Mrs. Crisp persisted in writing the names in her own cramped old hand.

"I wonder," said she, when she had placed the slips of paper in the hat, "what Aleck will say?"

Alexander Crisp came in to tea a little late. He was a tall, brown-skinned fellow, with sleepy hazel eyes, a silky brown beard and a composed way of taking everything for granted. He poured a pocket handkerchief full of shining chestnuts into his mother's lap as he entered.

"I picked them up under the old tree by the bars," said he. "We'll roast them, mother, after tea, and here's a bunch of golden-rod for Lotty. She likes a posy on the table."

"We've got something for you, too, Mr. Alexander," said Lotty, pertly. "You are to shut your eyes and draw."

"Draw what?" said Alexander, in his slow way.

"A wife," said Lotty. "Where's the hat, Mrs. Crisp?"

Alexander listened to his mother's plan in perfect silence. He looked from Mrs. Crisp to Lotty and back again.

"Whose idea was it?" said he at length.

"Lotty's," said Mrs. Crisp.

"So she wants me to get married?"

"Of course I do," said Lotty.

"She's tired of the place, I suppose?"

"I don't mind," said Lotty, biting her lip.

"Well, mother," said Alexander, slowly, "I've always done as you said through life. I won't go back on you now. As you say, it ain't easy to choose among so many, and perhaps it's just as well to trust to luck and chance. Here goes, then!"

"Mind," cried Lotty, "you're to shut your eyes!"

With leisurely movement, Alexander put his hand down into the crown of the old straw hat which Mrs. Crisp held in her lap, and drew out a slip of paper.

"Who is it, Aleck?" cried Mrs. Crisp, her old face all a-quiver with nervous excitement.

"Vick Haddon, I'll bet a cookie!" said Lotty, running to peep over Aleck's shoulder.

"No, it's Peninah Foster!" said Mrs. Crisp. "I somehow feel it in my bones that it's Peninah!"

Aleck, leaning toward the lamp, held up his slip of paper, and read aloud the words:

"Charlotte Ansel!"

Mrs. Crisp gave a little shriek. Lotty Ansel, standing there in the full glare of the light, turned a deep scarlet, and then ran out of the room.

"Come back, Lotty!" cried Mrs. Crisp.

"Lotty!" called Alexander, in the deep accent of a command.

But Lotty did not come back.

It was almost ten o'clock. All the lights but one were out in the one-story wooden cabin where the Ansel family lived, close to the mill.

"Don't let him come in, mother," sobbed Lotty. "That's his knock; I know it. If you do, I'll go and drown myself in the mill-dam!"

"Don't be silly, child," said Mrs. Ansel, a stout, motherly soul, with her gray locks twisted into a tight knot at the back of her head, and dark, laughing eyes, like Lotty's own. "You've got to see him some time or other—why not now?"

And she opened the door, in spite of Lotty's protestations, to Alexander Crisp.

The girl was crouched in a corner, with crimson cheeks and half-averted eyes, as he came in.

"Lotty," said he, "why did you run away from me?"

"Did you think I was going to stay?"

"It was your own idea," said Alexander, calmly.

"But I didn't put my name in. I never dreamt of such a thing—never!" protested the girl.

"I've drawn you by lot, Lotty."

"It was only in joke," she persisted.

"It may have been a joke to start with," said Alexander; "but it's got past the joking point now. I'm in serious earnest, and I mean what I say. My mother is all alone. She must not be left so. For her sake, Lotty, come back."

"I won't!" flashed out Lotty.

"For mine then, Lotty? Dear little Lotty! When I tell you that life without you won't be worth a farthing?"

And the next moment she was clasped in Aleck's arms.

"But how came my name among the slips of paper?" said Lotty, when she was once more in the kitchen at the Crisp house. "Who put it there?"

"I did," said Mrs. Crisp, calmly. "I liked you better'n any of the gals whose names you counted over, and I thought you ought to have as good a chance as them. You're a mischievous piece, always makin' fun of everybody and everything, but there's a good deal o' fun in you arter all, Lotty Ansel. You ain't vexed with me, be you?"

"No," said Lotty. "Not now!"

Afterward, when Alexander had gone out to lock up the bars, she crept close to Mrs. Crisp and put her arms around the old lady's withered neck.

"He says he has loved me this long time," whispered she. "Only he thought I was too young to care for a sober, middle-aged fellow like him. He didn't know, did he? And dear, dear, Mrs. Crisp, of all the mothers-in-law in the world, I shall love you the best!"

Just then Alexander came in, and nodded kindly toward the pair.

"It wasn't such a bad idea," said he—

"this drawing lots for a wife!"—

[Saturday Night.

THE PEANUT CROP.

Novel Reason for a Great Industry's Development.

How Northern Soldiers Became Partial to Peanuts.

If you can remember how things were before the war, you will know that the peanut was then only a holiday luxury to the great mass of people in this country. The day when the circus was in town, during the county fair, or the great and glorious Fourth of July were about the only occasions that the popular yearning for the peanut was in any measure satisfied. At those memorable times the nut was shucked and masticated till it couldn't rest, and it was only in the towns and villages that the favored few could have it with them all ways. Before the war there wasn't a peanut roaster in the entire country outside of the big towns, and the country dealers bought their stock already roasted.

To-day every cross-roads from Maine to California has its peanut stand and its wheezing rooster, and the great American nut has no better standing on circus day or Fourth of July than it has on any other day of the year. Well, a large proportion of the soldiers who went to Virginia and Tennessee and North Carolina from the North were from the rural districts, where the peanut was only for their delectation on gala days or their occasional visits to town. So, when they got right down among the peanut patches, they were, metaphorically, in clover. At first they roasted at their camp fires the peanuts they pulled from the patches, but it wasn't long before they not only acquired a taste for them raw, but many of them preferred them raw to roasted, the same as a genuine old lover of the weed prefers his tobacco undisguised by any other substance, no matter how sweet or toothsome it may be.

The result was that the boys discovered after a time that they hankered after their peanuts pretty nearly as much as they did after their tobacco, and when they came back home the longing came with them. What has been the consequence? The demand for peanuts increased so immediately after the war that the crop didn't begin to supply it. Wideawake farmers saw the point, and garden patches where peanuts had been grown for nobody knows how many years were abandoned for broad fields which were planted with the popular nut, and today Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina are growing nearly 3,000,000 bushels of peanuts a year—a result due almost entirely to the civil war and the contracting of the peanut habit by the soldiers.

Naturally the returned soldiers' demand for peanuts placed them within reach of the rural population to the furthest limit of "wayback, and the nut ceased to be a holiday luxury. The floor of the backwoods' grocery is now littered nightly with the shucks of peanuts hot from a revolving washer as thickly as it ever was on the Fourth of July in the old time, and the old soldier can get his supply of raw at Wayback Corners just as fresh and regular, almost, as if he were still on the old camp ground, and pulling the nuts out of the ground.

When the war broke out most of the peanuts consumed in this country were raised in North Carolina. A great many were imported from Africa. They were of an inferior quality. Virginia and Tennessee woke right up under the increased demand and improved cultivation has produced a nut, that is as near perfection as it can be. The peanut came to this country with the first cargo of slaves that were landed on our shores. It is a native of Africa, and in its original state as full of grease almost as a bit of pork.

Cultivation and change of soil have greatly reduced the oleaginous quality of the nut, although the North Carolina variety has enough grease yet to find a ready sale in France, where it joins its African ancestor and cottonseed in supplying not a little of the olive oil we find in the restaurants and family groceries. Norfolk, Va., is the greatest peanut center in the world, and handles annually 200,000 bags, or 800,000 bushels. It is a pretty sight to see a peanut plantation when the vines are in blossom. The blossoms are a bright yellow, and the vines a vivid green. No; the nut does not grow from the blossom. As soon as the blossom appears, though, a fine branch forms on the vine and shoots down into the ground.

The peas, as the nuts are called on the plantations, form on the shoot beneath the ground, like potatoes. When the crop is gathered in October the

vine is ploughed up, and the nuts hang to the roots. Vines and all are piled in cocks in the field, and in twenty days the nuts are ready to be pulled off, placed in bags, and taken to the factories. There they are cleansed of dirt, assorted, polished in revolving cylinders, and ready for the consumer, whether he is the old soldier with the peanut habit or the lover of the nut smoking hot from the roaster.—New York Sun.

Historic Bells.

Bells have been used from the earliest times and in every shape and form, and in all countries. In the city of Moscow alone before the Revolution there were several hundred large bells, and this number has been greatly increased. The most famous bell in the world is the "great bell of Moscow," or Czar Kolokol (emperor of bells). Its weight is about 440,000 pounds, and its cost in simple bell material is estimated at about \$300,000, to which, it is said, \$1,000,000 was added in precious jewels, plates, etc., by the nobles at the time of casting. This bell is about 21 feet in height and 22 feet in diameter. It was cast by the Empress Anne in 1731 from the metal of a gigantic predecessor which had been greatly damaged. The beams which held it were destroyed by fire in 1734 and it fell and broke. It is now consecrated as a chapel, and through the opening of the break two men can pass at the same time.

There is another monstrous bell in the Cathedral weighing 120,000 pounds. It is rung three times a year when all the other bells are silent. Its sound is like the roaring of distant thunder. In the same tower are several other bells, some weighing many tons.

The "great bell of China" in Peking weighs 120,000 pounds, is 14 feet in height and 12 feet in diameter. In Nankin there is a bell, now fallen to the ground, weighing 50,000 pounds.

A bell in Vienna weighs 40,000 pounds, and in Olmutz there is one of equal weight. A bell in Rouen, France, weighed 36,000 pounds. The largest bell in England is the Westminster bell, "Big Ben," weighing 30,000 pounds. A bell of the like weight is in Erfurt, Germany.

The largest bell on this continent is at Montreal, in the Cathedral, and weighs 25,000 pounds. One in Notre Dame, Paris, also weighs 25,000 pounds. St. Peter's, at Rome, weighs 17,500 pounds, and "Great Tom," at Oxford, England, weighs 17,000 pounds. The "Jacqueline," of Paris, cast in 1709, weighs 1500 pounds; "Great Tom," at Lincoln, England, weighs 12,000 pounds, and St. Paul's, of London, 11,500 pounds.

The Independence Hall bell at Boston was cast in 1876 at the Meneely Foundry and weighs 13,000 pounds. The famous "Liberty Bell," of Philadelphia, was cast in 1751, and under the representatives of the thirteen colonies proclaimed liberty. It was subsequently broken when ringing a fire alarm. It is now suspended by a chain of thirteen links from the ceiling in the hall of the State House in Philadelphia.—[New York Herald.

The First Germans in America.

It will be interesting to our German readers to learn that, until recently, Pennsylvania has claimed the honor of having the first German settlers, dating the first settlement at Germantown in 1683. Deutsche Zeitung, of Charleston, S. C., however, has lately made investigations on the subject, and discovered reliable data which show that nine years before that time a colony of Germans landed at Charleston and made their homes in and around that ancient city.

According to the old records, the proprietors of Carolina offered the colonists land and encouragement, and sent ships to bring a number of families. Lands were marked out on James Island, a spot familiar to many of our old soldiers, and here, after drawing lots for their property, they founded a town called Jamestown. In all, there were four hundred Germans around Charleston in 1674 who held letters-patent to lands. Some of the titles conveyed plantations of from one to seven hundred acres in extent, and others building places in Charleston.

It is interesting, just at the present juncture, to note that the annual tax to the Government was about a penny for a plantation and half a penny for a building site in town. This record seems to settle the question. It has also been claimed by Pennsylvania that the German soldiers from that State were the first to engage in battle in the war of Independence. This also had to be abandoned, as it has been shown that the German Fusiliers of Charleston engaged in and lost several officers in the siege of Savannah.—[New York News.

MINIATURE

Boston Business Directory,

Giving the names and locations of Arlington and Lexington people doing business in Boston.

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A Perfect Food For All.
Sold by Grocers everywhere. Send for circular.

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JESUS ACCUSED.

LESSON V, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 2.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xlii, 54-71.
Commit Verses 68-70—Golden Text, Isa. lili, 5—Commentary by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Compiled from Lesson Hopes Quarterly by permission of H. S. Hoffman, publisher, Philadelphia.]

54. "Then took they Him, and led Him, and brought Him into the high priest's house. And Peter followed afar off." John says that they took Him and bound Him, and led Him away to Annas first (John xviii, 12, 13). Matthew and Mark both say that then all the disciples forsook Him and fled, but John adds that Peter and another disciple (no doubt himself) afterward followed (Matt. xxvi, 56; Mark xiv, 50; John xviii, 15). When Jesus surrendered Himself to them He asked that the disciples might be allowed to go their way (John xviii, 8), but yet by their forsaking Him what became of their assertion that they would die with Him rather than deny Him (Mark xiv, 31)?

55. "And when they had kindled a fire in the midst of the hall, and were set down together, Peter sat down among them." This is surely a down grade. For a few verses now we leave our Lord in the hands of His captors, and consider Peter being sifted. And what a contrast between the disciple and his Master. The one faithful unto death, the other in the company of those who hated Him and were seeking His life.

56. "But a certain maid beheld him as he sat by the fire, and earnestly looked upon him and said, 'This man was also with Him.' We are observed when we least think it, and by those whom we think see nothing. Let a person go from home, and being among strangers, and unknown (as he thinks), let him do the least thing that he would not do if at home, and it will surely be carried abroad and at some time brought home to him. But Peter was here accused of nothing wrong, he was simply pointed out by this maid as a follower of Jesus, and judging from his previous confessions in Matt. xvi, 16; John vi, 68, 69, we would have expected him to stand by his colors and rejoice to own Jesus as his Lord. But he was alone now and in the midst of scoffers. How have you acted under similar circumstances?

57. "And he denied Him, saying, 'Woman, I know Him not.' Did you act that way when you found yourself among the scoffers? Or if you did not openly say that you were not a Christian, did your silence when He was ridiculed, or the Bible sneered at, give consent? Or do you all ways by word and deed proclaim yourself on the Lord's side?

58. "And after a little while another saw him and said, 'Thou art also one of them.' And Peter said, 'Man, I am not.' Another opportunity of confessing Christ is given to this poor erring man, but again he loses it and adds sin to sin.

59. "And about the space of one hour after another confidently affirmed, saying, 'Of a truth this fellow also was with Him, for he is a Galilean.'"

60. "And Peter said, 'Man I know not what thou sayest. And immediately, while he yet spake, the cock crew.' Matthew says that he now began to curse and swear (Matt. xxvi, 74). What a sink of iniquity is the heart of man! How desperately wicked!

61. "And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how He had said unto him, Before the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice." The Lord had seen and heard it all, and no doubt it grieved Him to His heart, and Peter had added to His much sorrow, but He loved His sinning one through it all, and this look now turned upon him must have been full of tenderest love, mingled with deepest sadness.

62. "And Peter went out and wept bitterly." That loving look pierced his heart and brought him to his senses.

63. "And the men that held Jesus mocked Him and smote Him." We now turn from Peter, who failed, to Peter's Lord, who faileth never. Peter they only spoke to and accused of being with Jesus; but Jesus they mock and even smite.

64. "And when they had blindfolded Him they struck him on the face, and asked him, saying, 'Prophecy, who is it that smote thee?' Lose not sight of the fact that this ill treated one is God manifest in the flesh. The Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, the mighty one of Jacob, the only Redeemer of men, and thus is His treatment from those whom He came to save. Not for Israel only did He suffer thus, but for you too, dear reader, and for every scholar in your class.

65. "And many other things blasphemously spake they against Him." Buffeted, mocked, spoken against, but He fails not.

66. "And as soon as it was day, the elders of the people, and the chief priests, and the scribes came together, and led Him unto their council." The fearful night had passed and the more fearful day had come.

67. "Art thou the Christ? tell us." And He said unto them, "If I tell you, ye will not believe; and if I also ask you, ye will not answer me nor let me know." He knew that they meant to kill Him, and that their question was an idle one. He knew that His hour had come to be offered up, and that this was the way to the cross.

68. "Hereafter shall the Son of Man sit on the right hand of the power of God." Matthew adds, "And come in the clouds of heaven" (xxvi, 64). He has not yet been brought before the Roman governor. He has been before Annas and Caiaphas, and now He is still before the Jewish council, and He reminds them of the words of the prophet Daniel (vii, 13) concerning the coming of the Son of Man in glory.

69. "Then said they all, Art Thou then the Son of God? And He said unto them, 'Ye say that I am.' He acknowledges that He is even so. He is the Son of Man, and the Son of God, the Divine Man, Messiah, the God man to sit in due time on David's throne. He has by word and deed proved Himself to be the one foretold by the prophets, and now they are by their conduct fulfilling other prophecies concerning Him, as Peter afterward told them on the day of Pentecost (Acts ii, 22, 23). They will not believe it now, but some will later, and many never. Whosoever will may. All unbelievers must perish.

70. "And they said, What need we any further witness? for we ourselves have heard of his own mouth." So because He said He was what He truly was, and what God the Father had on two occasions said from heaven that He was (Matt. iii, 17; xvi, 16), He has in their judgment committed an unpardonable sin and must be put to death. Well, let us not wonder if to this day the wrong is often upon most and right goes to the wall; it will be so till He come. But let us overcome by the Blood of the Lamb and by the word of our testimony, not loving our lives unto the death.

Continued from 4th page.

two meetings in Boston, but would surely appear later. He then introduced Jabez Fox, Esq., of Cambridge, who talked, and was followed by Mr. Albert F. Sise, of Medford, Democratic candidate for Senator, whose shrewd and blunt way of telling what he believed, was in pleasing contrast to the preceding speaking. In the midst of his story about the wonderful vitality of the Democratic party, Sherman Hoar, Esq., entered the hall and was greeted with music by the band and enthusiastic cheers. Mr. Sise cut his story short and the chairman introduced Mr. Hoar.

He complained of hoarseness, and of fatigue, but entered vigorously into his work. He first rung the charges of Mr. Fox about the hides; then assailed him on his Cambridge record as mayor. He claimed the liberties of this country were won first and defended later by the young men of the country, and then made references to the abolition of slavery and the heroes of that and preceding periods, that indicate clearly that, except as a free trader, he must still be a Republican. Mr. Hoar spoke on the tariff question, told the story of buying stockings at Waltham, and appealed to his audience to sustain the nominees of the party at the polls.

The audience began slipping away as Mr. Hoar sat down, and city clerk David F. Moreland, of Woburn, had a less attentive audience than the speakers preceding him, as he closed the speaking of the evening.

The rally was well managed, the interest fully sustained, and the issues had strong exponents in the speakers secured for this meeting, which was in every way a success.

ARLINGTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

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OCT. 31, 1890.

Colors and Health.

In a recent lecture on decoration Mr. George Aitchison, A. R. A., stated that certain colors and tones are prejudicial to health. Very dark rooms are so, and red and yellow are also prejudicial in the same way, if we have to remain in rooms so colored all and every day. The lecturer said that a manufacturer had a woman's workshop painted yellow, and found sickness increase in his hands. His doctor recommended whitewash, and normal health was restored.—Chatter.

A New Cure for Toothache.

A Russian practitioner recommends the use of hyoscyamus seeds for toothache. His plan is to burn the seeds, and to convey the smoke through a little paper tube to the hole in the tooth. He declares that in nearly all cases one application, or at most two, will suffice to cure the toothache.

The duty of every mother is to obtain a food which will insure the life and health of her little one. Mellin's Food has been prepared to meet this demand, and forms the best substitute for mother's milk that has ever been produced. It contains all the elements which are needed for the growth and development of an infant.

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The Grand Christmas Voting Carnival in the Boston Daily Globe offers Christmas gifts to be given by vote to the most popular policeman, fire company, letter carrier, militia company, mechanic, school teacher, salesman, saleswoman, newsman, wage-earner and railroad employee in New England. The list comprises \$10,000 in gifts, including a \$3,500 house, and offers one of the most popular prizes devised. If we are alive some one in this town may secure one or more of the gifts. Get the DAILY GLOBE at once and see what is offered.

With the November issue (just received) St. Nicholas completes its seventeenth successful year of publication and will enter on the new volume with a larger circulation than ever before. This number contains the first chapters of a new story by J. T. Trowbridge, Esq., of Arlington, now in Europe with his family, and opening gives assurance that it is to be one of his best efforts in the direction of entertaining and instructing the young; and Noah Brooks gives the beginning of a story of special interest to boys. The articles pertaining to the U. S. navy and war vessels generally are full of interest, especially as they are profusely illustrated with pictures of the latest novelties in naval warfare. Besides these longer prose attractions we may speak of "Little Vemba Brown," a bright suggestion by M. M. D., illustrated by Wile's beautiful frontispiece drawing; "A Story I Told the Pirate," a humorous bit of child nature; "Jack and Jill Reynard," one of Mr. Holder's sketches of animal life. The verse of the number is led by Celia Thaxter's "An Old Friend," with its appreciative illustration by Jessie McDermott. There are still many features besides the department to mention but no reader will overlook any of them.

"Looking Backward" is the title of a book dealing with events of the future. If you suffer from catarrh, you can look forward to a speedy cure by using Old Saul's Catarrh Cure. Price 25 cents.

Babies are to highly prized to permit them to suffer with colic, flatulence, etc., when Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup will at once relieve them. 25 cents.

EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

—The campaign is waxing hotter.

—Mr. Charles Blanchard will spend the winter in New York.

—Mrs. Choate and son have returned after a long sojourn in Maine.

—The death of Mrs. Ellen A. Stone occurred Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, Oct. 28.

—The trees are fast becoming shaven and shorn, and all our gardens and hillsides are carpeted with the various colored leaves.

—Mr. Arthur H. Jewett of our village is the Democratic candidate for Representative to the Legislature in the 19th district.

—The heirs of the late George Munroe are erecting a shed in the rear of the double house in our village.

—Mr. Edwin Spaulding is improving his place by putting a veranda in front of the house.

—Mr. Stone and family have moved from Maple street to Mr. Mitchell's house, near the E. L. depot.

—Dr. Kenniston requests us, through our local columns, to extend his heartiest thanks to the friends, neighbors and all citizens, who kindly aided at the fire Sunday evening and thus protected his other property.

—The auction at Mrs. Nye's was postponed on last Friday owing to the severe storm, but occurred on Wednesday. Mr. Abbott Mitchell was auctioneer.

—We were presented this morning with several delicious raspberries which grew in a neighbor's garden. This speaks well for the mild fall weather.

—Rev. Henry J. Campbell, of Waverly, preached last Sabbath. His subject was "Wisdom" and his text, Job. 28: 20, "Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?"

—Winn & Austin sold on the premises of the late Seraph Foster, Wednesday, a m., by order of administrator, Mr. Edward Foster, the household furniture; also, horses, harness, etc., belonging to Mr. James King.

—The members of the Adams Grammar school are starting a cabinet for their school room. They have already many geological specimens and quite a number of curiosities.

—There was no session of the Grammar school on Monday owing to the arrival of the new seats and desks. Everything now promises good results in the future if the children will only improve their great privileges.

—The funeral services of Mr. John Barrett, of Concord, who was widely known in that town, occurred Wednesday, Oct. 22, at the Unitarian church. Mr. Barrett was married to Miss Julia Ann Robbins, of E. Lexington, in 1860 and was a friend to many of our older

Yards at Arlington, Arlington Heights

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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

residents. The heartfelt sympathy of our people is extended to his bereaved wife who is now left alone.

—There has been a great deal of blowing lately, take the combined action of the wind and stump speakers. The McKinley bill has made such a stir and there is such a confusion of tongues about it, that no wonder the elements have been disturbed. Time will bring concord out of discord and truth, though crushed to earth, will rise again.

—Sunday evening, between ten and eleven o'clock, our quiet village was aroused by the ringing of the bell to summon them to a fire on Maple street. The Adams Chemical engine was soon at the fire, which proved to be two hay stacks in the rear of Dr. Kenniston's new barn. The Hook & Ladder Co. from the centre responded to a call from the telephone, and it was feared the sparks might reach the barn. Twelve tons of hay were burned and there was no insurance.

—The tin wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Delmont Butterfield occurred on Tuesday evening, Oct. 28. About forty of their relatives and friends assembled at their home and the evening was passed very pleasantly, the warmest congratulations being extended to them on this pleasant anniversary. They received an elegant sideboard, besides many tin presents. There were guests from Lexington, Arlington, Belmont and other places, and after partaking of a bountiful collation they left with the hope that the happy couple may enjoy many more such festive reunions.

—Some of our people Thursday evening, Oct. 23, attended the wedding of Miss Alice Munroe Smith to Mr. Sumner E. Swasey, which occurred at the Austin street Unitarian church, Cambridgeport. Dr. Briggs performed the ceremony and the church was tastefully decorated with flowers furnished by Doyle. The bride of course looked lovely in her white silk and her niece, Miss Alice Duer, was the maid of honor. The reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother at Clinton street, Cambridgeport. She was the recipient of many beautiful presents, and after the wedding journey they will reside at 23 Batavia street, Boston. Miss Smith is a daughter of Mrs. and the late Mr. Billings Smith, and was born in Lexington.

DRUNKENNESS.

Liquor habit—In all the world there is but one cure, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race street, Cincinnati, O.

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[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31, 1890.

Mr. Harrison probably did not impress the English steel and iron men as an aggressive enemy of Great Britain and her interest, as he cordially shook hands with four or five hundred members of the British Iron and Steel Institute at the White House, Saturday afternoon, at a special reception held in honor of the solid foreign visitors. A number of them jovially referred to the new tariff law and its probable effect upon their American trade, but they all agreed that there was no tariff upon the American hospitality, at which they have been everywhere overwhelmed. The party left here this morning, and will visit Canada before going home.

The Civil Service Commission has been heard from again. Through Commissioner Roosevelt it has sent letters to the presidents of the various republican State associations here, warning them that they violated the law relating to political contributions at their peril. The members of the association smile in a most peculiar manner when the letter is mentioned. If you should ask me if the law was violated, I should say yes, but at the same time I shouldn't like to undertake the contract of convicting the men who are doing it. In plain language, the law is being violated in spirit, but not in letter, and it would be well nigh impossible to prove a violation.

No excitement was created here by the report that eminent lawyers, including Senators Carlisle and McPherson, were of the opinion that the McKinley tariff law was rendered void by reason of a short paragraph relating to the reduction of the tobacco tax having been omitted by the enrolling clerks, and that New York importers intend to carry a test case to the Supreme Court. No body of any consequence here believes that the omission interferes with the law, and if the New York importers wish to spend some of their money they have made by compelling people to pay increased prices for goods imported under the old tariff, why let them go ahead. The lawyers will be the only gainers.

Mr. Cleveland is here for the purpose of making an argument before the Supreme Court. He is looking extremely well, and says he is feeling in tip-top condition. He receives no more attention than any of the other eminent lawyers who come here from time to time to practice before the Supreme Court. He has not called on Mr. Harrison this time.

The work of the two campaign committees is over, the big guns of both sides are in the field taking part in the final assault, and the headquarters here are in charge of the clerks who are waiting to see the result of their work. No figures are given out by either committee, but privately among their party friends, the Republicans are figuring on a majority of twenty, while the Democrats content themselves by claiming a majority of from eight to twelve. I met a gentleman today, who has been taking an active part in the campaign in the north-west, and who has a national reputation as a close political observer. He says that he is confident that the Farmers' Alliance will hold the balance of power, and dictate the organization of the next House. He thinks the Alliance men elected in the south, who have heretofore been Democrats, and those in the north and west who have acted with the Republicans, will refuse to enter the caucus of either party, should they, as they think they will, hold the balance of power in the House, and will act as a unit, casting their votes for the party that gives them the most. The gentleman is a Republican and opposed to the Farmers' Alliance. Should his prognostications prove to be correct, the Fifty-second Congress will be a most interesting body.

New York city seems further from getting a recount of its population than ever. Secretary Noble has refused Mayor Grant's second request, and Superintendent Porter, who has just returned, says he fails to see any good grounds for ordering a recount, and as Mr. Porter is himself a citizen of New York, it would be natural to suppose that he would strain a point to raise its figures if he could find any good reasons for so doing.

Next Thursday the monument erected by Congress on the grounds of the Naval Academy to the memory of those who lost their lives on the ill-fated Jeannette Arctic expedition, is to be unveiled. A special train, carrying the President and other eminent people will go from here.

A man of truly heroic make was Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, whose life-story is told by his daughter, Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, in the November Wide Awake; the article takes its title, "A Modern Hero," from Whittier's noble poem of which Dr. Howe was the subject; the article is accompanied by a portrait of this great champion of all distressed souls, painted in his young manhood, by Miss Jane Stuart, the daughter of Gilbert Stuart, the artist. "Golden Margaret," by James Purdy, an episode of the Civil War, is the initial story of the number; further on appears a Southern dialect tale of great strength, "Lucy Perver," by Margaret Sidney. A Western story, "How Tom Jumped a Mine," is from the pen of M. E. S. Stickney. Miss Risley Seward gives Part II. of a true ancestral war-romance, "A Story of 1812," with Commodore Perry for one of its heroes. Mrs. Frémont contributes the last of her series, "The Will and the Way Stories." An excellent school-tale, "Herbert Fender's Translations," is by William B. Chisholm. Miss McLeod's Arcadian story, "Boy Blue of Grand Pré" is one of the most interesting of the Canadian series. "Brinoids," by H. H. Ballard, "Thanksgiving at the White House," by M. S. Mrs. Claffin's "Margaret-Patty Letter," "A Mother Goose Plum Pudding," and several poems, together with the "Men and Things" pages of anecdote, conclude a good number. Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Co. Pub. Boston.

Boston & Maine Railroad.

LOWELL SYSTEM.

On and after Oct. 12, 1890, trains will run as follows:—

LEAVE Boston FOR Reformatory Station, at 7.50 a. m.; 1.35, 4.50, p. m.; Sundays, 12.50, p. m. Return at 8.40 a. m.; 12.30, 4.10, p. m.; Sunday 8.45 a. m.; 4.30, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass., at 7.50 a. m.; 1.35, 4.50, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, p. m. Return at 8.45 a. m.; 12.37, 4.17, p. m.; Sunday, 8.53 a. m.; 4.36, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 6.45, 7.05, 7.50, 10.00, a. m.; 1.25, 3.45, 4.50, 5.50, 6.08, 6.50, 10.15, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15 a. m. 12.50, 6.00, p. m. Return at 5.45, 6.56, 7.33, 8.20, 8.58, 9.57, a. m.; 12.47, 3.34, 4.28, 6.05, p. m.; Sunday, 9.04, a. m.; 12.35, 4.46, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 6.00, 6.45, 7.05, 7.50, 8.20, 9.05, 10.00, 10.50, a. m.; 1.35, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 4.50, 5.25, 5.50, 6.08, 6.30, 7.45, 9.15, 10.15, 11.25, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 6.06, p. m. Return at 5.35, 6.45, 7.09, 7.45, 7.55, 8.29, 9.10, 9.35, 10.06, 11.00, a. m.; 12.00, 12.57, 2.30, 3.42, 3.55, 4.37, 5.18, 6.14, 6.33, 9.05, 10.10, p. m.; Sunday, 9.16, a. m.; 12.45, 4.56, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington Heights at 6.00, 6.45, 7.05, 7.50, 8.20, 9.05, 10.00, 10.50, a. m.; 1.20, 1.35, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 4.50, 5.25, 5.50, 6.08, 6.30, 7.05, 7.45, 9.15, 10.15, 11.25, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 6.04, 6.30, 6.00, p. m. Return at 5.15, 6.06, 6.54, 7.18, 7.52, 8.07, 8.38, 9.19, 9.45, 10.12, 11.10, a. m.; 12.10, 1.07, 2.40, 3.48, 4.05, 4.45, 5.28, 6.44, 8.10, 9.15, 10.19, p. m.; Sunday, 9.26, a. m.; 12.54, 3.11, 5.06, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.00, 6.45, 7.05, 7.50, 8.20, 9.05, 10.00, 10.50, a. m.; 1.20, 1.35, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 4.50, 5.15, 5.25, 5.50, 6.08, 6.30, 7.05, 7.45, 9.15, 10.15, 11.25, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 6.04, 6.30, 6.00, p. m. Return at 5.16, 6.14, 7.01, 7.27, 7.38, 8.14, 8.47, 9.25, 9.49, 10.17, 11.16, a. m.; 12.16, 1.14, 2.46, 3.53, 4.11, 4.51, 5.24, 6.15, 6.28, 6.50, 8.16, 9.21, 10.25, p. m.; Sunday, 8.42, 9.34, a. m.; 1.00, 3.18, 5.13, p. m.

LEAVE Arlington FOR Lowell at 7.00, 10.19, a. m.; 4.09, 6.05, p. m.

LEAVE Lexington FOR Lowell at 7.25, 10.29, a. m.; 4.19, 6.21, p. m.

LEAVE Lowell FOR Lexington AND Arlington at 7.00, 9.25, a. m.; 3.00, 5.56, p. m.

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